

ANNIHILATION

Send in the swift stenographers, I
have a brief remark
To make unto my people—let all the
nation hark!
Instruct the Western Union, and the
Postal line as well,
Their fleetest operators must work to-
night like fun:

• • •
Dic. T. R.
I did accept a bulky roll from Harri-
man one year;
But Bryan took subscriptions from
the silver kings—I'm clear;
I did call off proceedings when hot on
Morton's trail,
But Bryan stood for Haskell until Wil-
lie told his tale;
I did agree to send Depew to Paris,
there to shine;
But Foraker's a friend of oil—I'll
smash 'em down the line!
I did agree, then disagree, the tariff
to reform;
But Bryan never knows his mind—I'm
sending 'em in warm!
I did dismiss the colored troops with-
out sufficient proof;
But Cleveland never bust a trust—
just watch me raise the roof!
I did drum up a war scare, just to get
a navy big;
My enemies are liars all—wasn't that
a ripping dig?
I did create a panic dire, to hoist trade
from its rut;
But Bryan's no creator—that's a cork-
ing upper cut!
No matter what I did, I did, and that's
defense enough;
But all that Bryan's done, he's done—
oh, I'm handing out hot stuff!
—E. T. W., in New York Sun.

POOR CHILD

When Taft kissed a Missouri baby
it howled.—Item.

Baby bye,
Please don't cry,
You can stand it
If you try.

Please be gay,
Smile, I pray;
I am not a
Load of hay.

Say goo-goo,
Baby, do—
Honest, I won't
Fall on you.

Don't be scared,
You'll be spared;
You won't have to
Be repaired.

There, there, pet,
Please don't fret,
You'll go through much
Worse things yet.

There, (smack), see,
Now, you're free,
And they'll name you
After me.

—Charles A. Barnes, in New York
World.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

(Written for the Ocala Banner.)
Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving
hearts
Shed light and joy about them;
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

CO-WORKERS WITH HIM

(Written for the Ocala Banner.)
The Son of David had no power
To heal life or limb,
Save, as in the propitious hour,
The heart had faith in Him.

He spoke, and every loathsome form
Of pain and sickness fled;
His mandate soothed the angry storm,
His word awoke the dead.

But faith was exercised by man—
Such faith to us be given!
So may we, in its gracious plan,
Co-workers be with Heaven.

ADELAIDE E. GRAHAM.

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the system in a gentle way that does
you good. 25c. at Tydings & Co.,
Drug Store.

A b e

J a k e

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